

The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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The editor of the Herald kept steadily at his work, and as time went on the bitterness his predecessor's swindle had left in him passed away. But his loneliness and a sense of defeat grew and deepened. When the vistas of the world had opened to his first youth he had not thought to spend his life in such a place as Platteville, but he found himself doing it, and it was no great happiness to him that the Hon. Kedge Halloway of Amo, whom the Herald's opposition to McCune had sent to Washington, came to depend on his influence for reappointment, nor did the realization that the editor of the Carlow County Herald had come to be McCune's successor as political dictator produce a perceptibly enervating effect upon the young man. The years drifted very slowly, and to him it seemed that they went by while he stood far aside and could not even see them move. He did not consider the life he led an exciting one, but the other citizens of Carlow did when he undertook a war against the White Caps, denizens of Six Crossroads, seven miles west of Platteville. The natives were much more afraid of the White Caps than he was. They knew more about them and understood them better than he did.

There was no thought of the people of the Crossroads in his mind as he sat on the snake fence staring at the little smoky shadow dance on the white road in the June sunshine. On the contrary, he was occupied with the realization that there had been a man in his class at college whose ambition needed no restraint, his promise was so great—in the strong belief of the university, a belief he could not help knowing—and that seven years to a day from his commencement this man was sitting on a fence rail in Indiana.

Down the pike a buggy came creaking toward him, gray with dust, old and frayed like the fat, shaggy gray mare that drew it, her unchecked, dependent head lowering before her, while her incongruous tail waved incessantly, like the banner of a storming party. The editor did not hear the flop of the mare's hoofs nor the sound of the wheels, so deep was his reverie, till the vehicle was nearly opposite him. The red faced and perspiring driver drew rein, and the journalist looked up and waved a long white hand to him in greeting.

"Howdy do, Mr. Harkless?" called the man in the buggy. "Soakin' in the weather?" He spoke in shouts, though neither was hard of hearing.

"Yes, just soakin'," answered Harkless. "It's such a gypsy day. How is Mr. Bowlder?"

"I'm givin' good satisfaction, thank you, and all at home. She's in town." "Give Mrs. Bowlder my regards," said the journalist, comprehending the symbolism. "How is Hartley?" The farmer's honest face shaded over for a second. "He's been steady ever since the night you brought him home, six weeks straight. I'm kind of bothered about tomorrow—he wants to come in for show day, and seems if I hadn't any call to say no. I reckon he'll have to take his chance—and us too. Seems more like we'd have to let him, long as we got him not to come in last night for Kedge Halloway's lecture at the courthouse. Say, how'd that lecture strike you? You give Kedge a mighty fine send-off to the audience in your introduction, but I noticed you spoke of him as 'a thinker,' without sayin' what kind. I didn't know you was as cautious a man as that! Of course I know Kedge's honest."

Harkless sighed. "Oh, he's the best we've got, Bowlder." "Yes, I presume so, but"—Mr. Bowlder broke off suddenly as his eyes opened in surprise, and he exclaimed: "Law, I'd never expected to see you settin' here today! Why ain't you out at Judge Briscoe's?" This speech seemed to be intended with some humor, for Bowlder accompanied it with the loud laughter of sylvan timidity risking a joke.

"Why? What's going on at the judge's?"

"Goin' on! Didn't you see that strange lady at the lecture with Minnie Briscoe and the judge and old Fiske?" "I'm afraid not, Bowlder."

"They couldn't talk about anything else at the postoffice this mornin' and at Tom Martin's. She come yesterday on the afternoon accommodation. You ought to know all about it because when Minnie and her father went to the deopie they had old Fiske with 'em, and when the buckboard come through town he was settin' on the back seat with her. That's what stirred the town up so. Nobody could figure it out any way, and nobody got much of a good look at her then except Judd Bennett. He said she had kind of a new look to her. That's all any of 'em could git out of Judd. He was in a sort of a dreamy state. But Mildy Up-ton—You know Mildy? She works out at Briscoe's?"

"Yes, I know Mildy."

"She come in to the postoffice with the news this lady's name was Sherwood and she lives at Rouen. Miss Tibbs says that wasn't no news—you could tell she was a city lady with both your eyes shut. But Mildy says Fiske

was goin' to stay for supper, and he come to the lecture with 'em and drove off with 'em afterwards. Sol Tibbs says he reckoned it was because Fiske was the only man in Carlow that Briscoe thought had read enough books to be smart enough to talk to her, but Miss Selley says if that was so they'd have got you instead, and so they had to all jest about give it up. Of course everybody got a good look at her at the lecture—they set on the platform right behind you and Halloway, and she did look smart. What got me, though, was the way she wore a kind of a little dagger stuck straight through her head. Seemed a good deal of a sacrifice jest to make sure your hat was on right. You never see her at all?"

"I'm afraid not," answered Harkless absently. "Miss Briscoe stopped me on the way out and told me she had a visitor."

"Young man," said Bowlder, "you better go out there right away." He raised the reins and clucked to the gray mare. "Well, she'll be mad I ain't in town for her long ago. Ride in with me."

"No, thank you. I'll walk in for the sake of my appetite."

"Wouldn't encourage it too much—livin' at the Palace hotel," observed Bowlder. "Sorry you won't ride." He gathered the loose ends of the reins in his hands, leaned far over the dashboard and struck the mare a hearty thwack. The tattered banner of tail jerked indignantly, but she consented to move down the road. Bowlder thrust his big head through the sun curtain behind him and continued the conversation. "See the White Caps ain't got you yet?"

"No, not yet," Harkless laughed.

"Reckon the boys 'druther you stayed in town after dark," the other called back. "Well, come out and see us if you git any spare time from the judge's." He laughed loudly again in farewell, and the editor waved his hand as Bowlder finally turned his attention toward the mare. When the flop, flop of her hoofs had died out, Harkless realized that the day was silent no longer; it was verging into evening.

He dropped from the fence and turned his face toward town and supper. He felt the life and light about him, heard the clatter of the blackbirds above him, heard the homing bees hum by, saw the vista of white road and level landscape framed on two sides by the branches of the grove, a vista of infinitely stretching fields of green, lined here and there with woodlands and flat to the horizon line, the village lying in their lap. No roll of meadow, no rise of pasture land, relieved their serenity nor shouldered up from them to be called a hill.

A farm bell rang in the distance, a tinkling coming small and mellow from far away, and at the loneliness of that sound he heaved a long, mournful sigh. The next instant he broke into laughter, for another bell rang over the



He stopped to exchange a word.

fields, the courthouse bell in the square. The first four strokes were given with mechanical regularity, the pride of the custodian who operated the bell being to produce the effect of a clockwork bell, such as he had once heard in the courthouse at Rouen, but the fifth and sixth strokes were halting achievements, as, after 4 o'clock he often lost count in the strain of the effort for precise imitation. There was a pause after the sixth; then a dubious and reluctant stroke, seven; a longer pause, followed by a final ring with desperate decision—eight! Harkless looked at his watch. It was twenty minutes of 6.

As he crossed the courthouse yard to the Palace hotel on his way to supper he stopped to exchange a word with the bell ringer, who, seated on the steps, was mopping his brow with an air of hard earned satisfaction.

"Good evening, Schofields," he said. "You came in strong on the last stroke tonight."

"What we need here," responded the bell ringer, "is more public spirited men. I ain't kickin' on you, Mr. Harkless—no, sir; but we want more men like they got in Rouen. We want men that 'll git Main street paved with

block or asphalt; men that 'll put in factories; men that 'll act—not set round like that old fool Martin and laugh and pollywoggle along and make fun of public spirit, day in, day out. I reckon I do my best for the city."

"Oh, nobody minds old Tom Martin," observed Harkless. "It's only half the time he means anything by what he says."

"That's just what I hate about him," returned the bell ringer in a tone of high complaint. "You can't never tell which half it is. Look at him now!" The gentleman referred to was standing over in front of the hotel talking to a row of costless loungers, who sat with their chairs tilted back against the props of the wooden awning that projected over the sidewalk. Their faces were turned toward the courthouse, and even those lost in meditative whittling had looked up to laugh. Mr. Martin, one of his hands thrust in a pocket of his alpaca coat and the other softly caressing his wiry, gray chin beard, his rusty silk hat tilted forward till the brim almost rested on the bridge of his nose, was addressing them in a one keyed voice, the melancholy whine of which, though not the words, penetrated to the courthouse steps.

The bell ringer, whose name was Henry Schofield, but who was known as Schofields' Henry (popularly abbreviated to Schofields'), was moved to indignation. "Look at him!" he cried. "Look at him! Everlastingly goin' on about my bell! Well, let him talk. Let him talk!"

As Mr. Martin's eye fell upon the editor, who, having bade the bell ringer good night, was approaching the hotel, he left his languid companions and crossed the street to meet him.

"I was only oratin' on how proud the city ought to be of Schofields," he said mournfully as they shook hands; "but he looks kind of put out with me." He hooked his arm in that of the young man and detained him for a moment as the supper gong sounded from within the hotel. "Call on the judge to-night?" he asked.

"No. Why?"

"I reckon you didn't see that lady with Minnie last night?"

"No."

"Well, I guess you better go out there, young man. She might not stay here long."

CHAPTER II.

THE Briscoe buckboard rattled along the elastic country road, the reins setting a sharp pace as they turned eastward on the pike toward home.

"They'll make the eight miles in three-quarters of an hour," said Judge Briscoe proudly. He turned from his daughter at his side to Miss Sherwood, who sat with Mr. Fiske behind them, and pointed ahead with his whip. "Just beyond that bend we pass through Six Crossroads."

Miss Sherwood leaned forward eagerly. "What did you mean last night after the lecture," she said to Fiske, "when you asked Mr. Martin who was to be with Mr. Harkless?"

"Who was watching him," he answered.

"Watching him? I don't understand."

"Yes; they have shot at him from the woods at night, and"—

"But who watches him?"

"The young men of the town. He has a habit of taking long walks after dark, and he is heedless of all remonstrance, so the young men have organized a guard for him, and every evening one of them follows him until he goes to the office to work for the night. It is a different young man each night, and the watcher follows at a distance, so that he does not suspect."

"But how many people know of this arrangement?"

"Nearly every one in the county except the Crossroads people, though it is not improbable that they have discovered it."

"And has no one told him?"

"No; he would not allow it to continue. He will not even arm himself."

"They follow and watch him night after night, and every one knows and no one tells him? Oh, I must say," cried the girl, "I think these are good people!"

The buckboard turned the bend in the road, and they entered a squalid settlement built raggidly about a blacksmith shop and a saloon. "I'd hate to have a breakdown here," Briscoe remarked quietly.

Half a dozen shanties clustered near the forge, a few rows scattered through the shiftlessly cultivated fields, four or five barns propped by fence rails, some sheds with gaping apertures through which the light glanced from side to side, a squad of thin razorback hogs, now and then worried by gaunt hounds, and some abused looking hens groping about disconsolately in the mire, a broken topped buggy with a twisted wheel, settling into the mud of the middle of the road (there was always abundant mud here in the driest summer); a dim face sneering from a broken window—Six Crossroads was forbidding and forlorn enough by day. The thought of what might issue from it by night was unpleasant, and the legends of the Crossroads, together with an unshapen threat easily fancied in the atmosphere of the place, made Miss Sherwood shiver as though a cold draft had crossed her.

"It is so sinister!" she exclaimed. "And so unspeakably mean! This is

where they live, the people that hate him, is it? The White Caps?"

(Continued Next Sunday.)

Library Benefit at Fishers' opera house, Monday, April 24, to raise funds for new books.

PORTLAND MARKETS

No Change in Market Quotations at Close of Week

Large Quantities of Butter Continue to Arrive, Forcing Prices Down While Eggs and Poultry Continue Firm.

There has been no change in the Portland market quotations up to the close of the week's business. Large quantities of butter is arriving daily and the prices remain at 20 to 23 cents. Eggs are reported firm and in good demand at 18 cents. The poultry market is cleaned up again with a strong demand but none to be had.

Grain Products, Feed.

Wheat—Walla Wall, 86c; Valley, 2@93c; bluestem, 94@95c. Oats—White, 27@28; gray, 25. Barley—Brewing, 24; feed, 24. Hay—Timothy, 12.50@15.00; clover, 11.00@12.00; cheat, 11.00@12.00; alfalfa, 12.00@13.00; rolled, 24.50; middlings, 24.00@25.00; chop, 16.00@18.00; bran, 12.00@20.00; shorts, 22.00@24. Flour—Hard wheat, straight, 4.15@4.30; hard wheat patents, 4.60@4.75; Valley, 4.30@4.75; graham, 4.00@4.25; rye, 3.50; whole wheat flour, 3.90.

Produce.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 27½@32½c; dairy, 18@20c; cooking, 11@12c. Cheese—Young America, 14½c; Oregon full cream, 16c. Eggs—Oregon ranch, 18c. Poultry—Mixed chickens, per pound, 12@12½c; spring, pound, 14@15c; hens, 12½@13c; geese, 8@12½c; turkeys, live, 15@17c; turkeys, dressed, 17@22c; ducks, old, dozen, 18@20c; spring ducks, 19@25. Honey—Dark, 10½@11c; amber, 12@13c; fancy white, 15c.

Fruits and Vegetables.

Cranberries—Per barrel, 12. Apples—Oregon, 50c@52. Tropical Fruits—Lemons, fancy, 22.00; choice, 22.75@3.00 per box; oranges, 11.75@2.00; bananas, 5c per pound; pineapples, 2.50@4.00 per doz. Potatoes—Oregon, 100 pounds, 85@95c; tomatoes, California, crates, 2.25; turnips, per sack, 1.00; cabbage, 1c per pound, 1¼@1½c; carrots, per sack, 1@1.15; beets, per sack, 1@1.25; Oregon onions, 100 pounds, 2.75@3.00; sweet potatoes, 1.50@1.75 per 100 pounds; cauliflower, per dozen, 90c@1.00; celery, per dozen, 55@65c.

Oils and Lead.

Coal Oil—Pearl or astral oil, cases, 2c per gallon; water white oil, iron barrels, 15½c; wood barrels, none; kerosene oil, cases, 24½c; elaine oil, cases, 27½c; extra star, cases, 25½c; head-light oil, 175 degrees, cases, 24c; iron barrels, 17½c. (Washington state test) Linseed Oil—Pure raw, in barrels, 50c; genuine kettie-bolled in barrels, 58c; pure raw oil, in cases, 61c; genuine kettie-bolled, in cases, 63c; lots of 250 gallons, 1c less per gallon. Turpentine—In cases, 85c gallon. Gasoline, cases, 32c; iron barrels or drums, 28c. Lead—Strictly pure white lead and red lead in ton lots, 7½c; 500-pound lots, 7½c; less than 500 pounds, 8c.

Groceries, Provisions, Etc.

Sugar—Golden C, 35.45; powdered, 36.15; patent cube, 36.30; cane, D. G., 36.05; fruit sugar, 36.15; beet sugar, 35.85; extra, cwt., 10c; kegs, cwt., 25c; boxes, cwt., 50c; (less ¼c per pound if paid in 15 days) Salt—Bales of 75-2a, bales, 1.60; bales of 30-3a, bale, 1.60; bales of 40- Gasoline—Stove gasoline, cases, 34½c; iron barrels, 18c; 86 degrees 4a, bale, 1.60; bales of 15-10a, bale, 1.60; bags, 50a, fine, ton, 11.00; bags, 50 lbs, genuine Liverpool, ton, 11.00; burning oils, except headlight, ¼c per gallon higher.) Benzine—Sixty-three degrees, cases, 22c; iron barrels, 15½c. bags, 50 lbs., ¼ ground, 100a, ton, 37.00; R. S. V. P., 20 5-lb. cartons, 32.25; R. S. V. P., 24 3-lb cartons, 31.75; Liverpool lump, ton, 16.50. Rice—Imperial Japan, No. 1, 35.37½; No. 2, 34.35; Carolina head, 36c; broken head, 46c. Coffee—Mocha, 26lb28c; Java, fancy, 26@32c; Java, good, 20@24c; Java, ordinary, 17@20c; Costa Rica, fancy, 18@20c; Costa Rica, good, 16@18c; Arabica, 14.85 per 100 pounds; Lion, 14.85. Provisions—Hams, to size, 12½c; hams, picnic, 8½c; bacon, regulars, 10½c; bacon, breakfast, 14@18c; dry salt sides, 9½c; backs, dry salt, 8c; lard, kettle rendered, tierced, 9½c. Nuts—Walnuts, No. 1, soft shell, 13½c; No. 1, hard shell, 13½c; Chile, 13c; almonds, 17@18c; almonds, 14@15c; Brazilia, 16c; pecans, 13½@15c; hickory, 3c; Virginia peanuts, 7@7½c; Jumbo Virginia peanuts, 9c; Japanese peanuts, 5½@6c; chestnuts, Italian 14c; cocoanuts, dozen, 90c. Figs—White, pound, 5½@6c; black,

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Thursday 20, 10:30 a. m.
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Monday 24, 2 p. m.
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